



#003

2013  
JUL

Nathan DiYorio Presents

# 2-BIT COMICS

WE DEFY YOU TO  
GUESS THE ENDING  
OF  
THE MAN WHO  
CRASHED INTO  
ANOTHER ERA!

DO YOU  
BELIEVE IN  
NIGHTMARES

2-BIT COMICS #3

# DO YOU BELIEVE IN NIGHTMARES

Presented by Nathan DiYorio

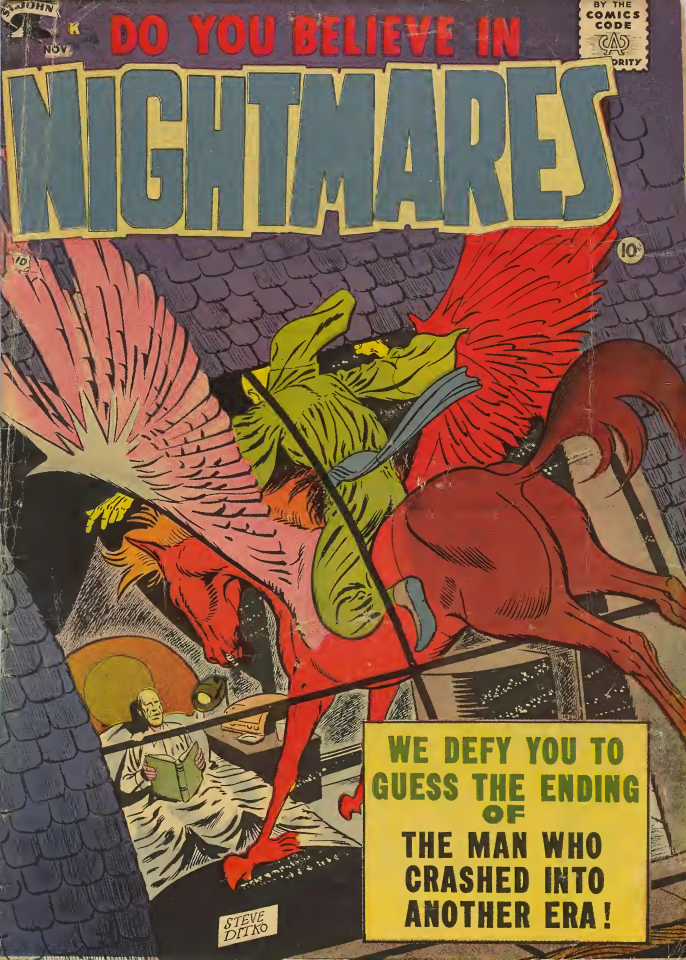
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# NIGHTMARE

HER NIGHTMARE WAS UNFOLDING AGAIN EVERY DETAIL REAPPEARING EXACTLY AS WHEN SHE HAD DREAMED IT TWICE BEFORE! SHE SOBBED IN HER SLEEP... FOR SHE KNEW HOW THE NIGHTMARE WOULD END!



EVERY DETAIL EXACTLY THE SAME! HER HUSBAND AT THE WHEEL OF THE SPEEDING CAR... BEHIND HIM IN THE BACK SEAT A SCARRED MAN AND A PLATINUM BLONDE WOMAN WITH A PAIN RAVAGED FACE... AND TORRENTS OF TROPICAL RAIN POURING DOWN AS THE CAR SPED ALONG THE NARROW ROAD THROUGH THE JUNGLE!

THEN THE SHARP 'S' CURVE... THEN THE STEEP DOWN-GRADE APPROACH TO THE BRIDGE OVER THE CHASM! SHE MOUTHED A SOUND-LESS SCREAM, FOR SHE KNEW WHAT WAS TO COME!

SHE WAS TRYING TO SCREAM TO THEM THAT THE BRIDGE WOULD FALL! TO WARN THEM THAT THEY MUST NOT GO OVER THE BRIDGE! BUT HOW CAN YOU WARN THREE PEOPLE SPEEDING THROUGH THE DARK IN THE MIDDLE OF A NIGHTMARE??





NO!  
NO!

MARGE,  
WAKE UP! YOU  
WERE SCREAMING  
IN YOUR SLEEP AGAIN!

FRED!  
YOU'RE  
ALIVE...  
YOU  
DIDN'T  
FALL  
INTO THE  
CHASM!

DON'T TELL ME YOU  
HAD THE SAME  
HOUSE-OF-HORRORS  
THAT MAKES  
THREE NIGHTS IN  
A ROW!

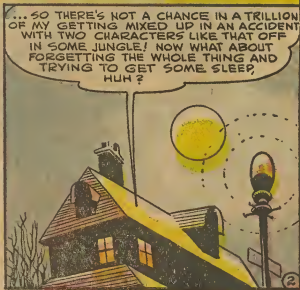


YOU CAN'T JOKE IT AWAY,  
FRED!... IT MUST MEAN  
SOMETHING! IT MUST!!

SURE, IT DOES! IT MEANS  
YOU LOVE ME A LOT... AND SOME  
OF THOSE LATE-LATE SHOWS  
YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING ON TV  
HAVE BEEN BACKFIRING INSIDE  
YOUR CUTE LITTLE PINHEAD!

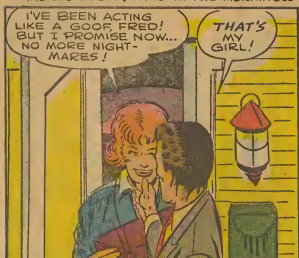


NOW LET'S FACE THE FACTS, MARGE!  
I'M A CONSULTING ENGINEER DESKBOUND  
HERE IN NEW YORK! I DON'T KNOW  
ANY SCARRED MEN! I  
DON'T KNOW ANY  
PLATINUM  
BLONDES!

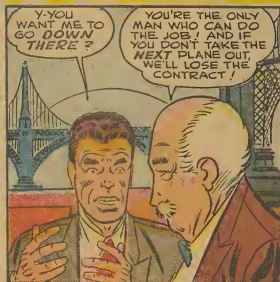
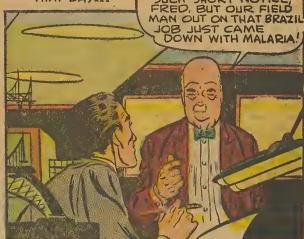


... SO THERE'S NOT A CHANCE IN A TRILLION  
OF MY GETTING MIXED UP IN AN ACCIDENT  
WITH TWO CHARACTERS LIKE THAT OFF  
IN SOME JUNGLE! NOW WHAT ABOUT  
FORGETTING THE WHOLE THING AND  
TRYING TO GET SOME SLEEP,  
HUH?

AND SHE SLEPT, COMFORTED BY HIS WARMTH  
AND HIS LOGIC! AND IN THE MORNING...



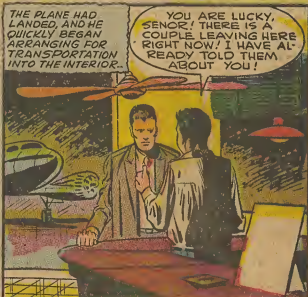
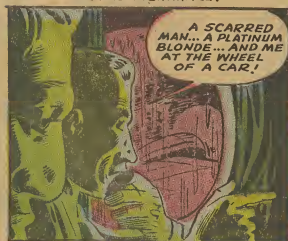
THE MATTER SHOULD  
HAVE ENDED RIGHT  
THERE! BUT LATER  
THAT DAY...



BRAZIL... DEEP IN THE JUNGLE... THE LOCALE  
OF THE NIGHTMARE! THE COINCIDENCE JOLTED  
FRED, BUT NOT FOR LONG! HOWEVER, JUST SO  
MARGE WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH...

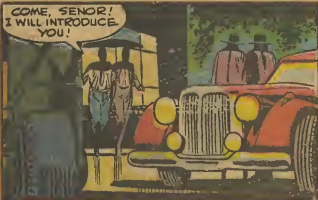


HE TRIED TO SLEEP AS THE PLANE DRONED  
THROUGH THE STORMSWEEP SKIES! HE  
TRIED... BUT DESPITE HIMSELF, HE KEPT  
TICKING OFF FURTHER DETAILS OF  
MARGE'S NIGHTMARE!



THAT BIT OF NEWS ENHEARTENED HIM! FOR HE FELT LOYALTY TO THE FIRM HE WORKED FOR, AND HE KNEW HOW MUCH DEPENDED UPON HIS ARRIVING ON TIME!

COME, SENOR!  
I WILL INTRODUCE  
YOU!



NO! I-IM SORRY!  
I CAN'T GO WITH THEM...  
I MUST HAVE MY OWN  
CAR!



HE KNEW HE  
WAS ACTING  
UNREASONABLY!  
BUT THE FEAR  
INSIDE HIM  
WOULDN'T LET  
HIM ACT ANY  
OTHER WAY!

YOU HEARD ME!  
GET MOVING!  
I WANT MY  
OWN CAR!



NOW HE WAS SPEEDING THROUGH  
THE NIGHT! THE JUNGLE WAS  
THERE... TORRENTS OF TROPICAL  
RAIN WERE POURING DOWN...  
BUT HE WAS DRIVING ALONE!



IT WAS THEN THAT HIS  
WHEEL BIT INTO THE  
ROAD'S SOFT SHOULDER,  
BIT, AND CHEWED, AND  
FINALLY SLID OVER!

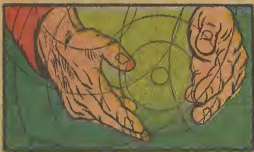


HE WAS IN A DAZE WHEN HE  
CAME TO, HIS EYES BLURRED  
WITH PAIN AND SHOCK, HARDLY  
ABLE TO DRAG HIMSELF UP  
THE SLOPE!

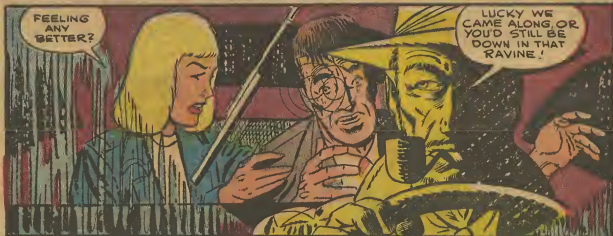




LATER, UP ON THE ROAD, HE FELT HANDS LIFTING HIM, FELT HIMSELF BEING HELPED INTO A CAR!



HE FELT THE CAR LURCH FORWARD! FOR A LONG TIME HE JUST SAT THERE, WEARILY SLUMPED OVER, STILL TOO NUMB TO THANK HIS RESCUERS OR EVEN SEE WHO THEY WERE! BUT THEN THE WEARINESS BEGAN TO DISSOLVE...



FEELING ANY BETTER?

LUCKY WE CAME ALONG, OR YOU'D STILL BE DOWN IN THAT RAVINE!

HE MOUTHED A SOUNDLESS SCREAM! HE COULD FEEL THE FEAR SPREADING INSIDE HIM LIKE AN OPENING HAND AS THE CAR SPED ALONG THE NARROW JUNGLE ROAD...!



BUT THEN HE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING...

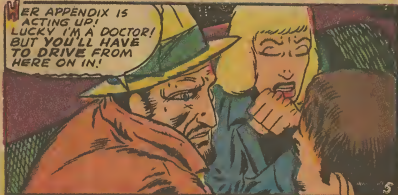
I'M NOT BEHIND THE WHEEL... AND THE BLONDES NOT IN PAIN! ALL THE DETAILS AREN'T RIGHT YET!

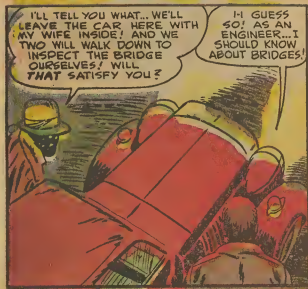
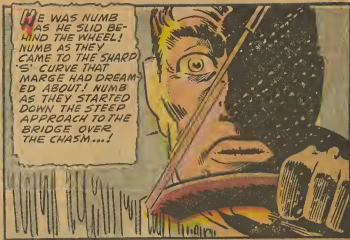
IT WAS ONLY A MOMENT LATER THAT THE WOMAN PRESSED HER HAND TO HER SIDE AND CRIED OUT SHARPLY! AND HER HUSBAND, BRAKING HARD, EXCLAIMED...



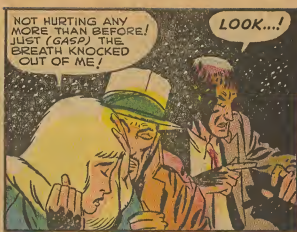
UH-OH--I WAS AFRAID OF THIS!

HER APPENDIX IS ACTING UP! LUCKY I'M A DOCTOR! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DRIVE FROM HERE ON IN!





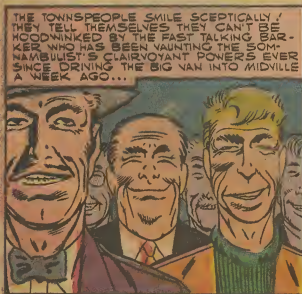




WHAT COULD THEY SAY? FRED AND THE SCARRED MAN AND THE WOMAN WITH THE PLATINUM BLONDE HAIR? WHAT COULD THEY SAY, NOW THAT THEY KNEW HOW NARROWLY THEY HAD ESCAPED THE NIGHTMARE'S TERRIBLE ENDING? WHAT COULD THEY DO, BUT STAND THERE GRIPPED IN THE VISE OF WONDER...?



# The SOMNAMBULIST



...THERE WILL BE  
A FLOOD!

A FLOOD IN MIDVILLE? THE  
SPELL HAS BEEN BROKEN  
BY THE LUNACY OF THE  
PREDICTION...

THE SOMNAMBULIST HAS  
SPOKEN! WHATEVER.  
HE SEES IN THE BLACK-  
NESS BEHIND HIS NEVER  
OPENING EYES,  
ALWAYS COMES  
TRUE!



WELL,  
IT CAN'T  
COME TRUE  
THIS TIME!

THERE'S NOT  
A RIVER OR  
A DAM WITHIN  
MILES OF  
HERE!

AND NO  
SIGN OF  
RAIN IN  
THE SKY!

SO HOW  
COULD THERE  
BE A FLOOD  
TOMORROW?



THE TOWNSPEOPLE KEEP CHUCKLING AS  
THEY TURN AWAY...

A FLOOD? HAPE!

NEVER LAUGHED  
SO MUCH IN  
MY LIFE!

IT WAS  
WORTH A  
QUARTER!



BUT WHEN TOMORROW COMES...

WHAT'S THAT?

URANIUM PROSPECTORS  
BLASTING, I GUESS...

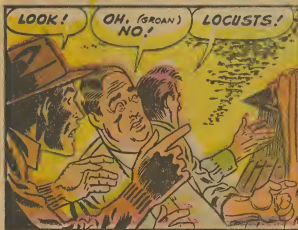
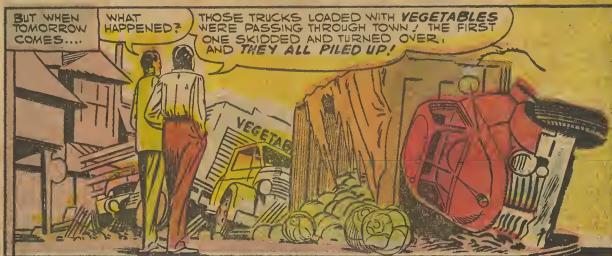
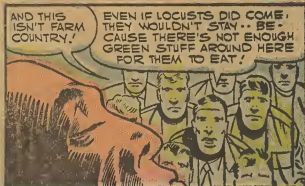
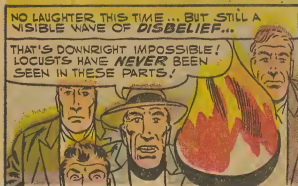
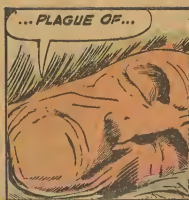




THE PROPERTY DAMAGE HAS BEEN SLIGHT... NO ONE HAS BEEN HURT! BUT ALL THE TOWNSPEOPLE ARE HAUNTED BY THE SAME CHILLING QUESTION... **HOW DID THE SOMNAMBULIST KNOW?**







A FEW NIGHTS LATER...INSIDE THE VAN...

EVERY-  
THING  
ALL SET,  
BOSS?

COULDN'T BE BETTER! YOU TWO  
MAKING BELIEVE YOU WERE  
PROSPECTORS AND BLASTING  
INTO THAT UNDERGROUND RIVER  
AFTER WE GOT THE GEOLOGIST'S  
REPORT ON THE RIVER'S LOCA-  
TION. STARTED THE BALL  
ROLLING!



THEN THE REST OF THE GANG  
PILING UP THOSE TRUCKS SO  
THERE'D BE FOOD WAITING FOR  
THE LOCUSTS WHEN I SET THEM  
FREE, DID THE REST!

WHAT  
WILL  
SORO  
TELL  
THEM  
NEXT,  
BOSS?



HERE'S HIS NEXT PREDICTION,  
PRESSED IN WAX, JUST  
THE WAY THE OTHER TWO  
WERE! AND WHEN THOSE  
RUBES HEAR THIS ONE,  
THEY'LL RUN RIGHT  
OUT OF TOWN!

LEAVING  
THEIR  
BIG JUICY  
BANK VAULT  
FOR US, HUH,  
BOSS?



AND NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE SOM-  
NAMBULIST TO SPEAK AGAIN...

TOMORROW...  
HERE...



WITHOUT  
WARNING...



A TERRIBLE  
CALAMITY!



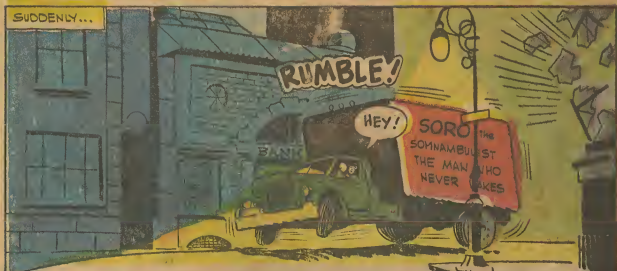
TOMORROW...  
HERE...  
WITHOUT  
WARNING...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND  
OF A CALAMITY HE MEANS!  
BUT I'M NOT WAITING TO  
FIND OUT!

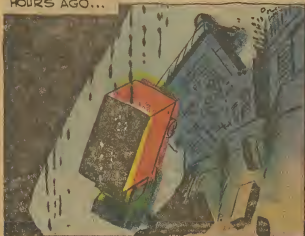
NEITHER  
AM I!





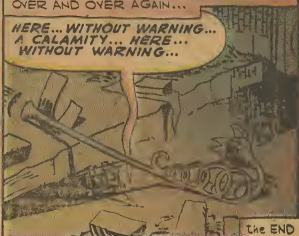


EARTHQUAKES NEVER ANNOUNCE THEMSELVES! EARTHQUAKES ALWAYS COME WITHOUT WARNING! THE CASUALTY RATE WOULD HAVE BEEN HIGH IF ALL THE TOWNSPEOPLE HAD NOT FLED HOURS AGO...



THE DUST HAS SETTLED NOW... ALL IS SILENT IN WHAT IS LEFT OF MIDVILLE... EXCEPT FOR ONE DRY VOICE, JARRED INTO SPEECH BY THE QUAKE, INTONING OVER AND OVER AGAIN...

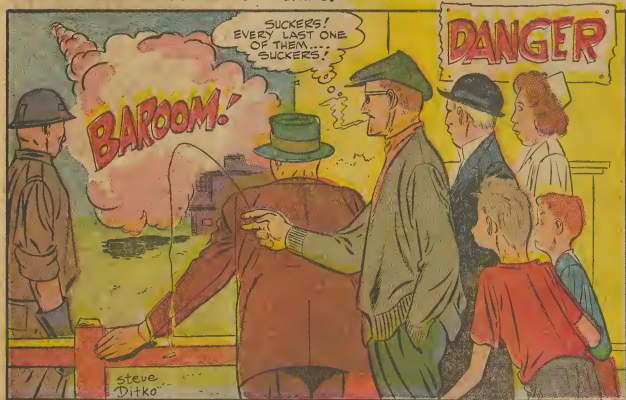
HERE... WITHOUT WARNING... A CALAMITY... HERE... WITHOUT WARNING...



The END

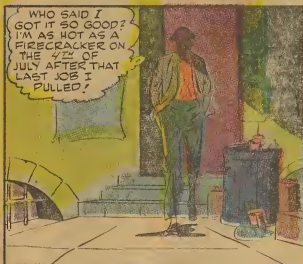
# The STRANGE SILENCE

THIS WAS THE FOURTH DAY HE HAD WATCHED THE WRECKERS AT WORK, PARTLY BECAUSE HE WELCOMED THE CHANCE TO STAND IN SAFE ANONYMITY AMONG ALL THE 'SIDEWALK SUPERINTENDENTS'...AND PARTLY BECAUSE HE ENJOYED SNEERING AT HONEST MEN WHO WORKED FOR A LIVING.



THE ROAR OF THE EXPLOSION WAS STILL RINGING IN HIS EARS AS HE TURNED AWAY...

BUT THEN AS HE WALKED THROUGH THE SLUM DISTRICT TOWARD HIS HIDEOUT, HIS SMILE FADED....





**F**EAR WAS A GIANT FIST, QUICKLY UNCLENCHING INSIDE OF HIM, STRETCHING WIDER AND WIDER!

**T**HEN IT CAME TO HIM WITH AN ABRUPT SHOCKING CLARITY! THE SILENCE BLANKETING THE TENEMENT.. THAT'S WHAT WAS DIFFERENT!



**EVEN WHILE REACTING TO THE STRANGE SILENCE, HE HAD CONTINUED ASCENDING THE STAIRS! AND NOW HE FOUND HIMSELF AT THE DOOR OF HIS ONE ROOM APARTMENT, AUTOMATICALLY REACHING FOR THE KNOB...**



**NO!  
I MUSTN'T  
GO IN!**



**THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE REASON FOR ALL THIS QUIET! THE COPS FOUND MY HIDEOUT! THEY'VE CLEARED OUT THE WHOLE BUILDING...!**



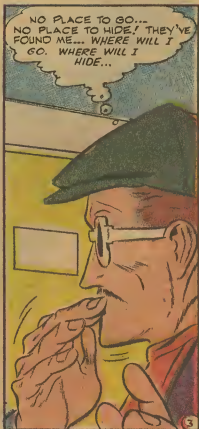
**THEY'RE STAKED OUT IN MY ROOM! THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME TO OPEN THAT DOOR! THEY'RE WAITING... AND THEIR TRIGGER FINGERS ARE ITCHING! IF I EVER WENT INSIDE, THEY'D...**



**SOB!**



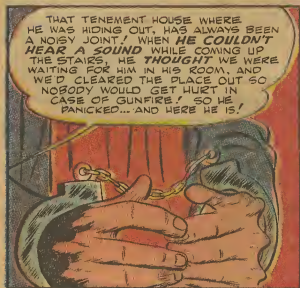
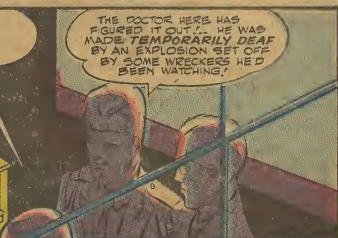
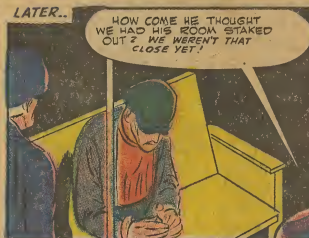
**NO PLACE TO GO... NO PLACE TO HIDE! THEY'VE FOUND ME... WHERE WILL I GO. WHERE WILL I HIDE...**







LATER...



THIS WAS HIS FOURTH DAY ON THE ROCK PILE... HE WHO HAD ONCE SNEERED, "NOBODY'D EVER CATCH ME HOLDING DOWN A SWEAT-JOB! NOT IN A MILLION YEARS!"



# THE CHAMP

**T**HIS THING which had happened was weird! It was eerie! It had crept up on Dawson and he could not strike back at it. He paced the floor of his hotel room, clenching his hands, afraid to sleep, and jumping at every sound in the hall. He had seen a ghost at the fight!

But even more than seeing it, the ghost had called to him. "I'll be around to see you later, Champ," Bill Dawson was scared. For a man who had just belted his way to the light heavyweight championship of the world, this did not make sense. He had fought his way up through the ranks against the toughest competition, and fear is something with which champs do not deal. Still the ghost had been there—and soon it might be here in the room!

The thought of it made his powerful, tanned body shiver, and his eyes became two searching, frightened creatures. How could it be? he asked himself. But the thing was true. He had seen a ghost! He had seen Old Joe, his trainer, but everyone knew that Old Joe had been dead for two years! Yet when Dawson had gotten back to the dressing room, the towel was folded over his shoulders the way Old Joe always fixed it! So he must have been there!

Dawson tried to sit down and relax in a chair, but there was no peace from this agonizing mental torture. He wrung his hands, and then went back to pacing again. He remembered the fight—shortly after the opening bell, he had been hit with a right hand punch and been knocked down. An ordinary man would have been finished, but with his great fighting heart

and marvelous condition, Dawson had continued.

But it was right then that he had seen the ghost at the ringside! Dazed from the punch, Dawson had started to get up without taking the full count when he saw Old Joe motioning him to take nine.

In his stunned state, this had seemed normal to Dawson. The effects of the punch did not really wear off until the fight was over. Dawson won by a kayo in the ninth round, purely through fighting instinct. When his head had cleared, back at the hotel, the horrible memory that he had taken instructions all through the fight from a ghost came to him! He paid no attention to advice from his corner, but kept watching Joe and following his guidance. Dawson pounded his fists in desperation on the bureau, then slumped down on the bed.

Dawson loved Old Joe because the trainer had been with him from the start. Old Joe had discovered him, trained him, handled him like a son. They had climbed the ladder together.

The memories of Old Joe rubbing him down, and of how they used to talk, made Dawson's skin creep.

Old Joe seemed to be here with him right in this room. He could almost hear the hoarse voice of the old trainer, and the voice haunted him! Plagued him!

The silence of the room suddenly closed in on him like death-gripping, suffocating quicksand! He felt as though Old Joe were near him, getting closer to him every second. The



room seemed full of spooks, shadows from the lamps cast strange and devilish patterns.

Memories of Old Joe pierced his heart and brain and froze his very blood!

In despair, Dawson fell down on the bed and beat the pillows. Please, please, let him alone! The telephone rang suddenly and it was like a clang of doom to Dawson. He caught the scream in his throat, looked at the jangling phone, and then fearfully lifted it in his wet and shaking hand.

"Hello, is this the champion? Is this room 1203?" a voice asked. Terror-stricken, Dawson pounced off the bed and with a hoarse voice tore the phone from the wall. It was Old Joe's voice! He was coming after him! He had found him! Dawson's head spun, and he rocked in the center of the room, staring at the door, breathlessly and helplessly.

The panic caused him to writhe in agony, and he sunk down on the floor, sobbing the sobs of a beaten and confused man. Why didn't Old Joe understand? Old Joe must have known that he had started the argument himself. Dawson would never have kicked him out of the training camp if he hadn't kept picking and annoying him. He loved Old Joe, he always would. Why did he want to drive him insane?

Through the tears a sense of relief and sensibility returned to Dawson. All during the fight, right from the knockdown, hadn't the ghost of Old Joe been out there advising him how to fight and beat the champ? If he wanted him to win then, why did he want to haunt him now?

The terror and the panic of the past few hours had whipped Dawson into a limp lump of weakness. Wearily, more tired and beaten than he had been at any time during the fight,

he dragged himself to his feet.

Then came the knock at the door! Instantly, the whole fiendish horror surrounded Dawson again. It wasn't just any knock at a door. It was Old Joe's knock! One-one-two. Just the way he used to rap on the door for him to train, or when it was time for him to go down to the ring for a fight. The floor sagged under Dawson, and dizzily he gripped the bed with one hand and the bureau with the other for support, waiting, paralyzed, for the knock again.

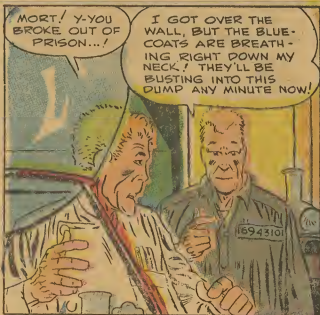
Instead, the door opened slowly! Then Old Joe's gnarled hand came in, and then Old Joe stood there. Dawson backed towards the window, shaking his head, terror-stricken. The ghost had found him!

"**W**HAT'S the matter, champ?" Old Joe spoke kindly. "What are they doing with my boy? C'mere, Bill. Don't be afraid, I can tell you what happened. No, I'm no ghost. I just was away sick, that's all. That's why I started that argument with you. I knew I couldn't keep up with you and I didn't want to be a burden. So I let you kick me out of the training camp and then I had a few old friends circulate the news that I was dead, so you wouldn't be worrying. I've been in the hospital all the while, but tonight when you were fighting for the crown, I just had to get a pass and come to see you. The closest I could get was to throw that towel over your shoulders on the way out. Always told you that you'd be champ, didn't I?"

Dawson threw his arm around Old Joe's shoulders and laughed in relief. He had won his greatest fight. He had conquered the unknown!

THE END

# YOU CAN MAKE ME FLY



Y-YOU MEAN YOU READ IN PRISON ABOUT MY TELEPORTATION EXPERIMENTS, MORT? IS THAT WHY YOU BROKE OUT?



YOU GOT THE PICTURE REAL FAST, KIDDO...YOU WERE ALWAYS THE BRIGHT BOY IN THE FAMILY.

IT'S NO USE, MORT! I COULDN'T POSSIBLY TELEPORT YOU TO ANY HIDEOUT!

WHAT'S A MATTER, PUNK? YOU'RE TOO HONEST? YOU GOT TOO MUCH RESPECT FOR THE LAW?



WELL, STOP STALLING! I'M NOT THE ONE WHO WENT TO COLLEGE, BUT I GOT ENOUGH IN MY DOME TO KNOW THAT...



ANYBODY WHO CAN TELEPORT STUFF, GETS THEM TO WHERE HE WANTS THEM TO GO BY MAKING THEM FLY THROUGH THE AIR! AND YOU CAN DO IT! I READ ALL ABOUT THAT DEMONSTRATION YOU GAVE!..



...HOW YOU STOOD RIGHT UP ON THAT STAGE IN FRONT OF ALL THOSE OTHER SCIENTISTS! YOU HAD A HORSE WITH YOU, A CAR, AND SOME KIDS DOLL. AND OVER YOUR HEAD WAS A BIG OPEN SKYLIGHT!"



"THEN YOU AIMED YOUR GADGET AT THE HORSE, THE CAR, AND THE DOLL! AND..."

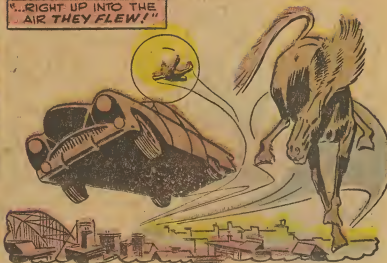
KLICK!



"...THE THREE OF THEM **FLEW**  
RIGHT UP THROUGH THE OPEN  
SKYLIGHT!"



"...RIGHT UP INTO THE  
AIR THEY **FLEW!**"



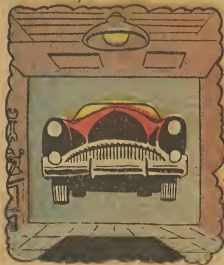
"...THE DOLL ENDED UP  
RIGHT IN SOME KID'S  
TOY CHEST WHERE IT  
BELONGED!"



"...THE HORSE RIGHT IN ITS  
OWNER'S STABLE!"



"...AND THE CAR, **SPANG**,  
RIGHT IN THE EMPTY GARAGE  
WHERE IT BELONGED!"



"...SO DON'T TELL ME YOU  
CAN'T MAKE ME FLY!  
BECAUSE I KNOW YOU CAN,  
AND I KNOW YOU'RE GO-  
ING TO SEND ME FLYING  
RIGHT DOWN TO SOUTH  
AMERICA WHERE THE  
BLUECOATS'LL NEVER  
CATCH UP WITH ME!"



"B-BUT I  
CAN'T, MORT!  
YOU HAVE TO  
BELIEVE ME!  
I CAN'T!"

**NO, MORT! NO!...  
PLEASE STOP!**







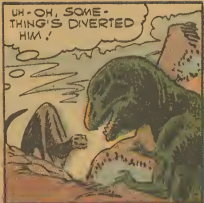
# THE MAN WHO CRASHED INTO **ANOTHER** **ERA**







CAN IT BE THAT HE'S JUST  
PLAYING 'CAT AND MOUSE'?  
THAT AS SOON AS HE GETS  
TIRED OF THE GAME,  
HE'LL...



UH-OH, SOME-  
THING'S DIVERTED  
HIM!

WHY AREN'T HIS  
CLAWS SLASHING  
ME? WHY DO THEY  
KEEP MISSING  
BY INCHES?



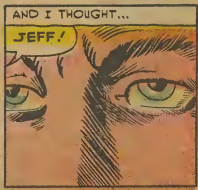
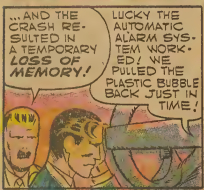
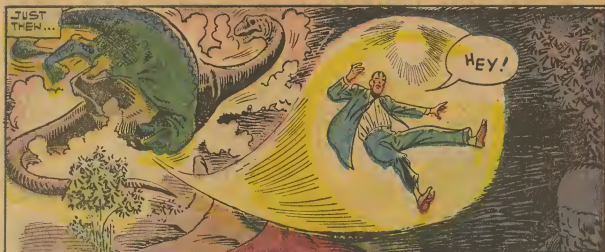
THEY'RE FIGHTING IT OUT!  
THIS MUST BE A NIGHTMARE...  
WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE?



THEY'RE THRASHING  
AROUND... THE  
GROUND'S SHAKING...  
THEY'RE ROLLING  
OVER THIS  
WAY!



TH- THEY'RE  
GOING TO  
SQUASH  
ME!



# I AM BEING FOLLOWED

HE COULDN'T HAVE TOLD YOU HOW HE KNEW! BUT HE WAS A PROFESSIONAL HUNTER, AND IN HIS LINE, MEN DEVELOPED A SIXTH SENSE ABOUT THINGS LIKE THIS! HE HEARD NOTHING... HE SAW NOTHING... BUT YET HE KNEW!



I'M BEING FOLLOWED!

HE HAD NEVER BEEN IN THESE DESOLATE PARTS BEFORE! THE INHABITANTS HAD CALLED HIM IN, PROMISING HIM A HUGE FEE IF HE COULD TRACK DOWN THE MYSTERIOUS BEAR THAT HAD BEEN TORMENTING THEM SO MUCH OF LATE...



A BEAR SO UNCANNILY CLEVER, THAT WITH AMAZING EASE IT HAD ELUDED THE HUNDREDS OF TRAPS SET FOR IT BY THE LOCAL HUNTERS!

HE'S TOO SMART FOR US! THAT'S FOR SURE!

RECKON WE'LL HAVE TO CALL IN SOMEBODY FROM THE OUTSIDE!



AND NOW THE FAMOUS HUNTER  
HAD COME ... AND NOW ON THE  
VERY FIRST DAY OF THE HUNT...



SUDDENLY...

HEY!



THE ARMS THAT HAD SEIZED  
HIM WERE MORE POWERFUL  
THAN HIS OWN!

STRONGER  
GASPS THAN  
ANY LIVING  
MAN'S COULD  
BE!



A LONG FINGER PRESSED A VITAL  
NERVE NEAR THE NAPE OF HIS NECK ... AND  
HE FELT HIMSELF TURNING AS RIGID AS STONE!

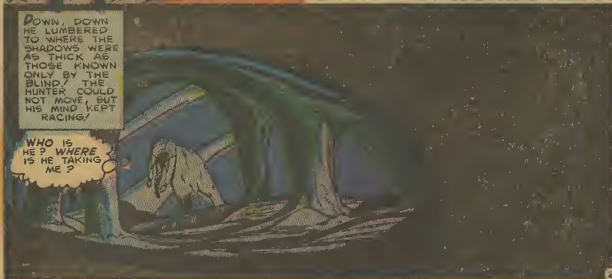


HIS CAPTOR  
PLUNGED HIM  
WORDLESSLY  
OVER HIS  
SHOULDER, AND  
ENTERED A  
CAVE!



DOWN, DOWN  
HE LUMBERED  
TO WHERE THE  
SHADOWS WERE  
AS THICK AS  
THOSE KNOWN  
ONLY BY THE  
BLIND! THE  
HUNTER COULD  
NOT MOVE, BUT  
HIS MIND KEPT  
RACING!

WHO IS  
HE? WHERE  
IS HE TAKING  
ME?





AS ABRUPTLY AS THE SHADOWS WERE SPLINTERED BY A SUDDEN EERIE GLOW, WAS THE PRESSURE ON HIS VITAL NERVE RELEASED! HE FOUND HIMSELF ON HIS FEET AND ABLE TO MOVE AGAIN!

WELCOME! YOU HAVE COME BACK TO US AT LAST!



COME BACK? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

WE ARE THE UNDERGROUND BEINGS! LONG HAVE WE DWELLED DOWN HERE... AND ALWAYS OUR PRESENCE HAS BEEN UNKNOWN TO THOSE ON THE SURFACE!

YOU ARE ONE OF US! YOU WERE BORN A MUTANT... AND SO BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE AND LEFT THERE TO PERISH!

BUT YOU MANAGED TO SURVIVE!



BY MEANS OF TELEPATHIC BEAMS, WE LEARNED THAT YOU WERE STILL ALIVE!

WE KNEW THE SKILLS YOUR HERITAGE WOULD ENDOW YOU WITH, WOULD LEAD YOU TO BECOME A GREAT HUNTER!

SO WE SENT A SCOUT TO THE SURFACE! THERE PRETENDING TO BE A BEAR, A SURFACE BEAST WHOM WE RESEMBLE...



BUT WE ALSO KNEW THAT YOU HAD WANDERED FAR FROM THE SURFACE ENTRANCE TO OUR WORLD...

OUR SCOUT CARRIED ON A WAR OF NERVES AGAINST THE BEINGS IN THE LOCALITY CLOSEST TO OUR WORLD'S SURFACE ENTRANCE!



WE DEPENDED ON THEIR INABILITY TO CAPTURE HIM TO FORCE THEM TO CALL IN GREAT HUNTERS FROM THE OUTSIDE, AND SO THEY DID... AND SO YOU CAME... AND NOW YOU ARE AMONG YOUR OWN AGAIN!



BUT YOU'RE WRONG! I CAN'T BE ONE OF YOU! I WAS BORN UP THERE... I HAVE A BIRTH CERTIFICATE... MY PARENTS ARE STILL ALIVE!

BELIEVE US... WE ARE NOT WRONG! IT IS NATURAL THAT YOU SHOULD BE SHOCKED!



YOU CAN'T KEEP ME DOWN HERE! I HAVE A GIRL UP ON THE SURFACE! WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED!



WE BROKE THE NEWS TO HIM TOO ABRUPTLY! HE IS VERY AGITATED!

HE NEEDS REST! I SHALL PRESS THE PARALYSIS NERVE AGAIN!



NO YOU DON'T!

HOLD HIS ARMS! IT WILL BE FOR HIS OWN GOOD!

HE NEEDS REST!



IT WAS THEN THAT DESPERATION SENT HIS FIST EXPLODING INTO HIS CAPTOR'S JAW...!



SLAMMING HIM BACK INTO THE OTHERS, CAUSING THE WHOLE GROUP TO FALL IN A TANGLE OF THRASHING HAIRY LIMBS.



AFTER THAT, HE COULD REMEMBER NOTHING BUT RUNNING FASTER AND FASTER, HIS MIND A TURBULENT BLANK, WHERE ONLY FEAR AND DARKNESS RAGED.



AWAY FROM THE EERIE GLOW AND UP INTO THE SHADOWS THAT WERE AS THICK AS THOSE KNOWN ONLY BY THE BLIND / AND, ALTHOUGH THE OUTCRIES BEHIND HIM HAD GROWN FAINTER, HE SOBBED AS HE RAN.



AND THEN SUDDENLY HIS STRENGTH FAILED HIM, AND HE FELT HIMSELF CRUMFLING DOWN! AND NOW THERE WAS NOTHING BUT DARKNESS.



HOW I'M I SOB! EVER GOING TO FIND MY WAY BACK TO THE SURFACE?



WHEN HE NEXT OPENED HIS EYES, EVERYTHING WAS STILL HAZY! BUT HE MANAGED TO DETERMINE WHAT THE SHINY DISC SHINING SO BRILLIANTLY WAS, AND IMMEDIATELY RELIEF FLOODED INTO HIS HEART.



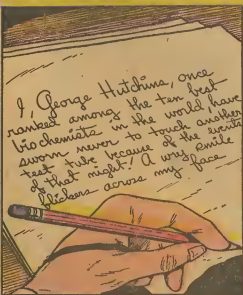






MY LIPS ARE SEALED! AS LONG AS I LIVE, I SHALL NEVER REVEAL THE TERRIBLE TRUTH TO MY FELLOW MEN! BUT THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT WERE TOO INDELIBLY SEARED INTO MY MIND! THEY KEEP WRITHING INSIDE OF ME, DEMANDING SOME FORM OF EXPRESSION! AND SO NOW I WRITE OF ....

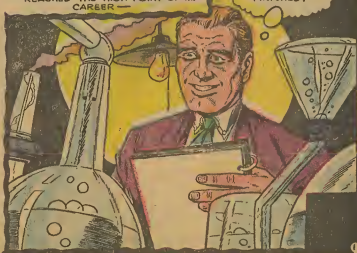
# THE NIGHT I RAN FOR MY LIFE!



I, George Hutchins, once ranked among the ten best biochemists in the world, have sworn never to touch another test tube because of the events of that night! A wry smile flickers across my face

... AS I RECALL HOW THAT NIGHT BEGAN! THE ELATION AND PRIDE, THE CERTAINTY THAT I HAD REACHED THE HIGH POINT OF MY CAREER —

AT LAST, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... FINISHED!



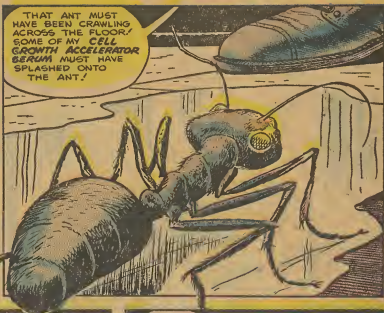


BUT WITH ELATION CAME THE INEVITABLE LET-DOWN! ALREADY I COULD FEEL THE STRENGTH DRAINING OUT OF MY BODY... AND FATIGUE FLOWING IN.





BUT THEN MY EYES CLEARED!  
AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER  
MY FACE WAS WRITHING IN A  
GRIMACE OF SHOCK!



THAT ANT MUST  
HAVE BEEN CRAWLING  
ACROSS THE FLOOR!  
SOME OF MY CELL  
GROWTH ACCELERATOR  
SERUM MUST HAVE  
SPLASHED ONTO  
THE ANT!



IT'S  
GROWING  
LARGER!



— AND  
LARGER!



NO!... NO!



I HAVE  
TO RUN!  
I HAVE TO  
RUN FOR  
MY LIFE!





I JUMPED OFF THE ROAD! I WADED THROUGH A DITCH! I CUT ACROSS AN OPEN FIELD! BUT THE ENORMOUS ANT WAS STILL ON MY TRAIL...!



I WAS STILL STARING BACK OVER MY SHOULDER, MY EYES BULGING WITH TERROR, WHEN SUDDENLY —

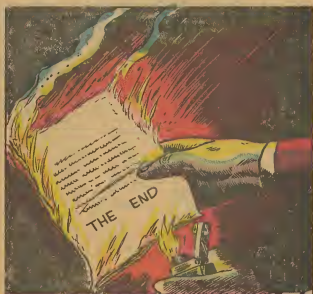
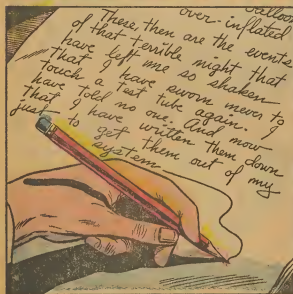
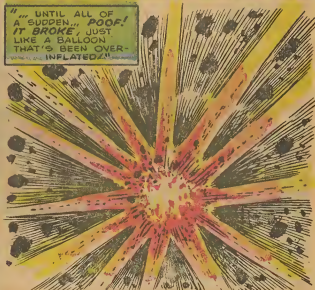


AFTER THAT THERE WAS ONLY BLACKNESS, A FEELING AS IF FLOATING WEIGHTLESSLY THROUGH SPACE! AND WHEN I NEXT OPENED MY EYES —



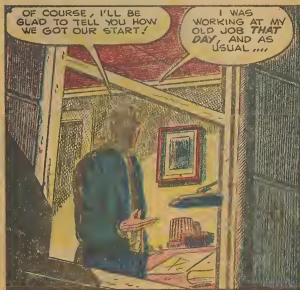
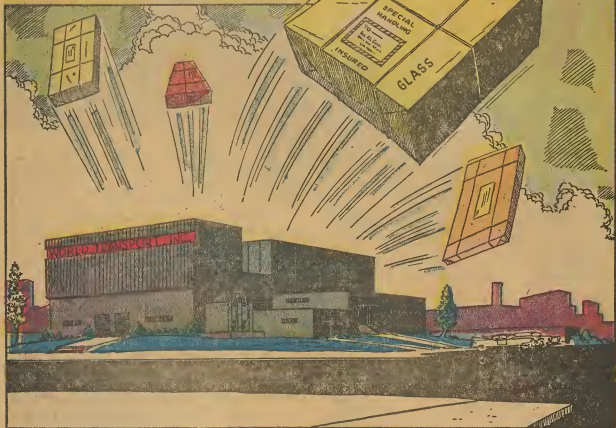
THAT'S WHAT I KEPT TELLING MYSELF OVER AND OVER AGAIN... UNTIL I SAW WHERE I WAS LYING!

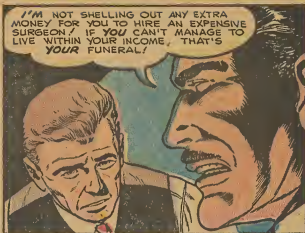
I SHALL NEVER KNOW HOW LONG I STAYED DOWN THERE / ALL I KNOW IS THAT EVERY MOMENT KEPT ADDING TO THE TERROR AND GUILT LODGED INSIDE MY HEART BECAUSE OF WHAT I HAD LET LOOSE ON THE WORLD ... /



WE HAVE A TRIPLE-A RATING IN DUN AND BRADSTREET, AND A TRIPLE-A RATING IN THE HEARTS OF ALL MANKIND! YES, SIR, I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU THAT WORLD TRANSPORT, INC. IS

# A FABULOUS FIRM!

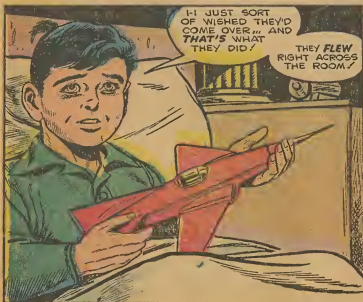




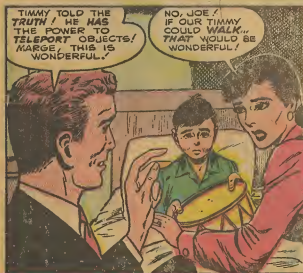
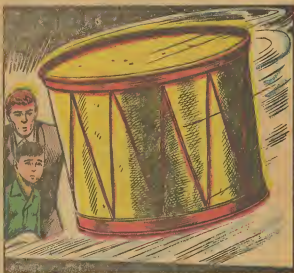
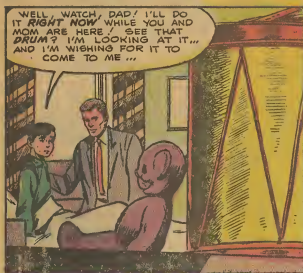
MEANWHILE, MARGE, MY WIFE, WHO WAS HOLDING DOWN A PART-TIME JOB, JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING—



MARGE'S BOSS WAS MORE UNDERSTANDING THAN MR. GRUEL. HE LET HER RUN HOME FOR A FEW MINUTES! BUT WHEN SHE GOT THERE—





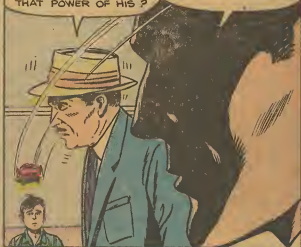


WHEN I FIRST TOLD MR. GRUEL ABOUT TIMMY'S STRANGE POWER, HE THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY! BUT THEN I DRAGGED HIM HOME WITH ME! AND....



DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS PERKINS? DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIMMY COULD DO WITH THAT POWER OF HIS?

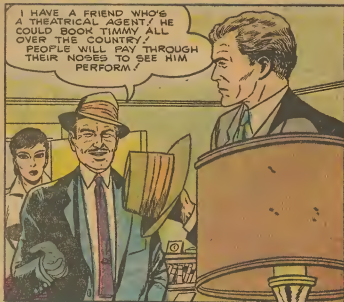
YES, SIR! THERE ARE TRANSPORTATION PROBLEMS ALL OVER THE WORLD THAT....



DON'T BE A FOOL! HE COULD MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS FOR US... THAT'S WHAT HE COULD DO!



I HAVE A FRIEND WHO'S A THEATRICAL AGENT! HE COULD BOOK TIMMY ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! PEOPLE WILL PAY THROUGH THEIR NOSES TO SEE HIM PERFORM!



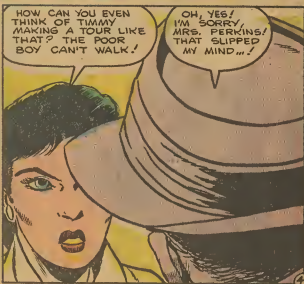
NO!

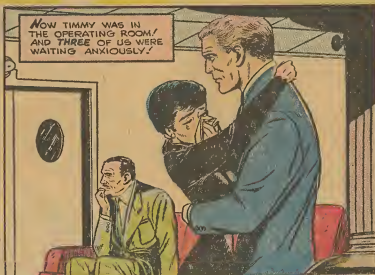
NO...?!

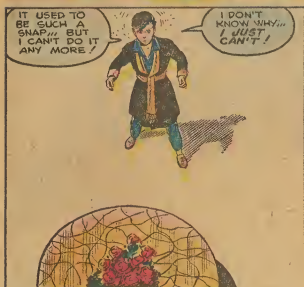


HOW CAN YOU EVEN THINK OF TIMMY MAKING A TOUR LIKE THAT? THE POOR BOY CAN'T WALK!

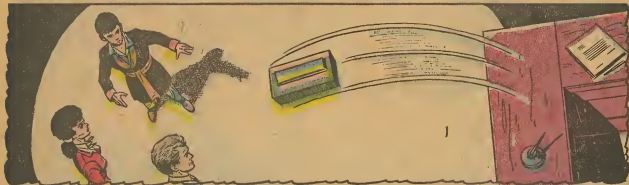
OH, YES! I'M SORRY, MRS. PERKINS! THAT SLIPPED MY MIND...!











# CONSCIENCE!



MY LOVING HALF-BROTHER,  
WITH ALL THE MONEY AND ME  
WITH NOTHING, BUT IT WILL  
BE DIFFERENT SOON, I'VE  
SET IT UP PERFECTLY...

COMPLAINING ABOUT THE  
PAINS IN MY STOMACH, EVEN  
TAKING A LITTLE POISON  
THAT ONCE SO I'D BE  
RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL...



AND THE  
DOCTOR,  
HE FELL  
FOR IT  
JUST AS I  
PLANNED...

NO, DOC, YOU'RE WRONG!  
PAIN! IT  
WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT  
AND THE OTHER TIMES...  
INDIGESTION, WHY JIM'S  
MY BROTHER, HE  
WOULDN'T POISON  
ME!

OH, YES, HE'D PLANNED IT NICELY... LEADING UP  
TO THIS... WHEN JIM WOULD GET THE POISONED  
DRINK AND EVERYONE WOULD THINK HE GOT IT  
BY MISTAKE WHEN HE WAS TRYING TO POISON  
BILL!



YOU MEAN  
I... I... ???

NO, BILL, I DON'T HAVE PAINS IN MY  
STOMACH... I'VE KNOWN WHAT YOU  
WERE UP TO! I WATCHED YOU, SAW  
YOU POISON MY DRINK SO I SWITCHED  
THE DRINKS!



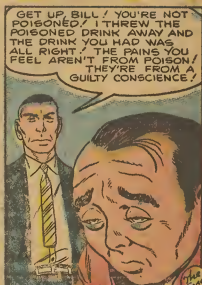
HE FELT IT THEN,  
HE SCREAMED...

THE...THE  
JIM, GET...

GET THE DOCTOR! DON'T  
LET ME DIE! I... I'LL  
CONFESS... HOW I PRETENDED  
TO BE POISONED TO THROW  
SUSPICION ON YOU SO  
COULD POISON YOU AND  
THEY'D THINK YOU GOT  
THE DRINK YOU MEANT  
FOR ME BY MISTAKE...



I GUESS THAT  
DOES IT, MR. BELL!  
I HEARD EVERY  
WORD!



GET UP BILL! YOU'RE NOT  
POISONED! I THREW THE  
POISONED DRINK AWAY AND  
THE DRINK YOU HAD WAS  
ALL RIGHT... THE PAINS YOU  
FEEL AREN'T FROM POISON!  
THEY'RE FROM A  
GUILTY CONSCIENCE!

# MISSION ON THE HILL

**A**S THEY CAME out of the cottage, Jeff Clayton threw a wry glance at his companion.

"You're foolish, Robb, to attempt a climb like that. Besides, think of it, man, you've been invited to my brother's wedding. It's hardly polite to . . ."

Down in the village, down the long, green slope, the tall white spire of the church trembled to the peal of bells. But Robb Martner didn't hear them. He didn't even seem to hear Jeff Clayton's voice. Martner's eyes stirred restlessly away from the small fishing town, ran darkly up the slope and fixed on the steep granite cliff behind the town. It towered crazily out to sea and above its majestic, craggy peak, wild sea-birds wheeled and cawed. He had no eyes, no ears for the birds—only the grey, weathered cottage that hung on the peak's edge like a witch's hat.

"I'm sorry, Jeff. I can't go," Martner said finally. His voice had a dream-like quality to it suddenly. "It isn't that I want to slight Henry and Amy. It—it's just that I want to climb the cliff." A forced note of humor entered his voice. "After all, I'm here in Buryport to relax, Jeff. That's why I retired, came here. I think I'll start by finding out what the inside of that cottage looks like. The view from the seaward side must be magnificent!"

"Have it your way," Jeff Clayton said distastefully. "But if you'll take my advice, you'll leave Captain Martner strictly alone. As for the view, no one . . ." Jeff stopped abruptly as though he'd said too much.

"It is remarkable about the similarity in name, isn't it?" Robb Martner said slowly. Now the high old house was mirrored in his eyes. "I suppose the Captain and I are related somewhere back along the line. Plenty of Martners used to live here in Buryport. Perhaps—perhaps the Captain and I can talk it over."

Clayton looked at his friend helplessly. "Robb," he said finally. "No one, so far as I know, has ever climbed that cliff—and come back. No one except the Captain, anyway."

"Nonsense," Robb said. "It's just a few thousand feet. The ascent isn't overly steep. It just requires endurance, that's all."

"All right, then, I'll tell you," Jeff Clayton said grimly. "And if you want to go up there after I've finished, well . . ." He paused and then continued: "Only two men in the past

ten years have even attempted scaling the cliff. And both of them made it. Only . . ." Jeff's voice cracked. ". . . both fell into the sea just where the ledge road turns the cliff edge." He pointed.

Robb saw it: a thin ribbon of gouged rock winding up the face of the cliff.

"Bad nerves," he said, but he couldn't hide the sudden note of tension in his voice. Then he shook himself vigorously. "But I'm going anyway. I like the atmosphere of Buryport, Jeff. It's wholesome, it's clean, it's redolent of the sea. Often back in the city, I wished my parents had stayed here. I'd have liked to be a sailor, owned a schooner, sailed the seas. After all, you have," he pointed to a thirty-foot single-master riding at anchor in the harbor. "That's Captain Martner's craft, isn't it?"

Jeff shuddered. He nodded and got into the car. Robb started walking along the spine of the grassy rise that led to the cliff-side trail. At first, he was exhilarated by the sheer daring of the climb. Then, half-way up he began tiring. The task was harder than it had seemed. And the gray house drew nearer only with infinite slowness. At last he reached the spot from which Jeff said two others had fallen to their deaths. Idly he wondered why. The road—carved from the living rock of the cliff itself—was over a yard wide at that point. Of course it wasn't entirely level—it tended to spill off toward the sea roaring a thousand feet below. With the wind whirling around him, Robb took a deep breath and rounded the curve.

He didn't hear the rock splitting beneath him until he'd passed. Then the slow grumble reached his ears and he looked back, blanching. Behind him, a good six feet of the trail had disappeared.

"God, that was close!" he muttered, drawing back against the sheer rock wall. He didn't hear the segment of trail hit the water, but he saw the splash, leaning dizzily forward. Then he looked up. Before him the trail was clear—and he couldn't go back. Not now, anyway. The only way clear was to the top.

The trail grew steeper. About his head the wild seabirds fluttered, shrieking their nameless cries. Looking up he saw the sky sud-

denly overcast. A brisker wind sprang up from the tossing, black waters. He just made the lip of the cliff in time. Another few minutes and the wind would have blown him over. Then the cottage squatted before him. He had to push against the wind across whipping, tall grass to reach it. He fumbled with the ancient door latch. The door smashed back. An instant later he stood within, in the semi-darkness of the beamed interior, lit only by the roaring flames of a fire. His eyes swept the room.

"Empty, by god!" he said. Then he gave a start as a figure stirred in the old captain's chair by the fire. A thin chuckle oozed from the shadows.

"Not empty, Robb, not empty yet. I'm here!"

"The Captain!"

"Aye, Robb, old Captain Martner!" The old man's voice was like the dry rustle of wind over dead leaves. He didn't start up, but waved Robb to another chair before the flames. "A hard climb it was, eh, lad?"

Robb Martner sat down and stared. His eyes roved over the bony, emaciated figure, the narrow, pinched gray face, with its sparse gray beard, and then down at the thin brown hands. The Captain's chair creaked, rocking slowly. Robb's eyes came back to the Captain's glittering eyes. He felt the strength drain from his limbs. Abruptly the power of movement was gone. All he could do was speak.

"You know my name?" he croaked. "But how . . . ?"

"I just knew it, Robb. I guess we're related, you and I. And I've been expecting you, Robb, ever since you came to Buryport. A good move that was, Robb. Fortunate—for me."

"For you?"

"I'm dying, Robb." The withered old lips scarcely moved. The eyes glittered on, unwavering, fixed, hypnotic. "Eh, Robb, the road fell beneath you?"

A cold chill crawled down Robb Martner's back.

"How—how did you know that?" He asked. "You say you're dying. We've never met. Yet you know me by name, even know something you couldn't have seen!"

"I know, Robb. I know, that's all."

"I've got to be getting back!"

"You won't be leaving, lad," the Captain said dryly. "Not until after I'm dead, at least. And even then you might want to stay awhile and think—for you'll have a job to do by then."

"You—you mean to keep me here? Kill me like—like . . ."

"I didn't kill the other two who climbed

here, Robb. They murdered themselves. Or, rather, a yarn of mine did. Once they'd heard it, the agony of life it told made them take their own. But you're stronger stuff, Robb. You can hear that tale and live." There was a ghostly chuckle. "You're a Martner, Robb!"

"What tale?" Robb Martner asked with a thrill of horror.

The withered old mouth parted in a hideous grin.

"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Robb. It is a tale we Martners must tell—forever."

Mariner—Martner! Robb's blood froze. He tried to rise, to break the paralysis in which the old man's eyes held him, but fell back, helpless. The ancient lips writhed and the tale began:

It is an ancient mariner,

And he stoppeth one of three:

"By thy long, gray beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,

And I am next of kin;

The' guests are met, the feast is set;

Mayst hear the merry din . . ."

He listened, thinking of Hank Clayton's wedding. He'd never be a guest now. He was doomed to listen to the Ancient Mariner, doomed to take his place when the tale was done and Captain Martner died, doomed, perhaps, to sail the seas until . . .

The Captain paused, the glitter in his eyes fading.

"Aye, Robb, I know what you're thinking. You've guessed your mission, lad!" He cackled in his high-pitch voice. "But you always wanted to be a seaman, didn't you, Robb?" There was a dry, deathly chuckle. "You'll have plenty of time now, Robb. You'll have my house, my boat, my boat to sail in and tell your tale wherever you go, whenever the agony comes on you lad—for it comes, it comes, Robb, and it never bates until the story's told! Now sleep, sleep, for when you wake, I'll be dead and you will be the Ancient Mariner!"

Robb tried desperately to keep his eyes from closing, but they dropped, slowly, like coffin lids. Through the lulling waves of on-coming sleep he heard the Captain's cracked voice take up the tale again, fade slowly on the last stanza of the famous poem:

He went like one that hath been stunned

And is of sense forlorn;

A sadder and a wiser man

He rose the morrow morn.

THE END

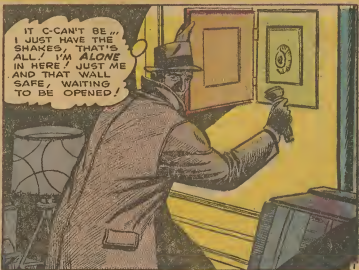


**D**ID YOU EVER GET A PRICKLING SENSATION ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK? DID ICE-COLD SWEAT EVER BREAK OUT ON YOUR FOREHEAD? DID YOU EVER HAVE THE FEELING WHEN STANDING ALONE IN A DARK ROOM WHERE NO ONE ELSE COULD POSSIBLY BE ...  
**THAT ...**



# YOU ARE NOT ALONE

TOM MULFORD HAD THAT FEELING RIGHT NOW! HE HAD IT SO STRONGLY, HE WAS AFRAID TO TURN AROUND TO LOOK!





HIS TREMBLING FINGERS  
BEGAN TO TWIST THE DIAL!  
ONLY ONE MORE NUMBER  
LEFT TO GO...!



BUT SUDDENLY  
HIS HAND FROZE!



THE FEELING HAD  
RISEN INSIDE HIM  
AGAIN! THE TERRIBLE  
CERTAINTY THAT...  
I'M  
NOT  
ALONE!



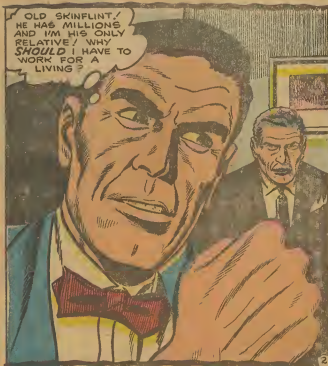
HE STOOD MOTIONLESS,  
WHIMPERING, GRIPPED  
IN A VISE OF FEAR! HIS  
MIND KEPT RACING  
DESPERATELY...

IT JUST  
CAN'T BE!  
THE MANSION  
IS EMPTY!



FRANTICALLY SEEKING REASSURANCE  
IN KNOWN FACTS, HIS MIND RACED  
BACK TO THE LAST TIME HE HAD SEEN  
HIS UNCLE...

NO, TOM! NOT ANOTHER  
CENT! YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH  
TO EARN YOUR OWN LIVING!



OLD SKINFLINT!  
HE HAS MILLIONS  
AND I'M HIS ONLY  
RELATIVE! WHY  
SHOULD I HAVE TO  
WORK FOR A  
LIVING?

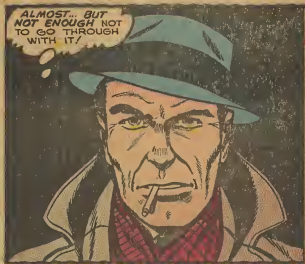


UP TILL THEN,  
ALTHOUGH PARASITIC,  
HE HAD NEVER EVEN  
CONSIDERED COMMITTING  
A DISHONEST ACT! IN  
FACT, EVEN THEN...

HAPPY! I MUST BE SOFT  
IN THE HEAD! EVEN AFTER  
THE WAY THE OLD BUZZARD  
JUST CUT ME OFF WITHOUT  
A CENT, I STILL HAVE A  
SNEAKING LIKING FOR HIM!



I ALMOST FEEL SORRY  
FOR THE WAY I'M GOING  
TO EMPTY HIS WALL  
SAFE WHEN HE GOES TO  
FLORIDA NEXT WEEK!



ALMOST... BUT  
NOT ENOUGH NOT  
TO GO THROUGH  
WITH IT!



HE HAD BIDE HIS TIME  
NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES,  
MAKING CERTAIN HE WAS  
ON HAND TO SEE HIS  
UNCLE LEAVE FOR FLORIDA  
WITH HIS OWN EYES!

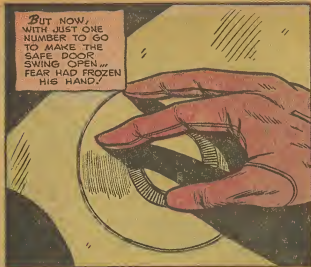


HE HAD MADE CERTAIN  
TOO THAT HIS UNCLE'S  
ENTIRE DOMESTIC STAFF  
HAD LEFT!



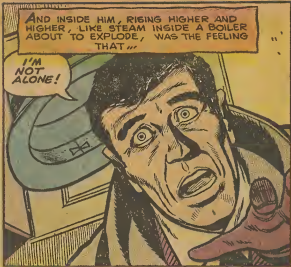
AND  
THEN,  
AFTER  
DARK...

BUT NOW,  
WITH JUST ONE  
NUMBER TO GO  
TO MAKE THE  
SAFE DOOR  
SWING OPEN...  
FEAR HAD FROZEN  
HIS HAND!



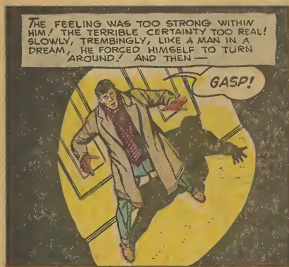
AND INSIDE HIM, RISING HIGHER AND  
HIGHER, LIKE STEAM INSIDE A BOILER  
ABOUT TO EXPLODE, WAS THE FEELING  
THAT ...

I'M  
NOT  
ALONE!



THE FEELING WAS TOO STRONG WITHIN  
HIM! THE TERRIBLE CERTAINTY TOO REAL!  
SLOWLY, TREMBLINGLY, LIKE A MAN IN A  
DREAM, HE FORCED HIMSELF TO TURN  
AROUND! AND THEN —

GASP!



NO!  
OH!  
NO!

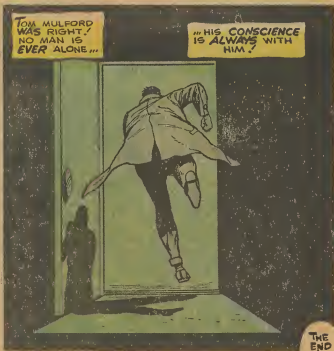


I WAS  
RIGHT!  
I (SOB)  
WASN'T  
ALONE!



TOM MULFORD  
WAS RIGHT!  
NO MAN IS  
EVER ALONE...

...HIS CONSCIENCE  
IS ALWAYS  
WITH  
HIM.



THE  
END



# I HAVE 3 QUESTIONS

BUT BEFORE I ASK THOSE QUESTIONS, LET ME TELL HOW THE CHUBBY LITTLE MAN MADE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE ....

MISS EMILY SMITHERS, WHO WAS SEATED ON AN AISLE SEAT, SWEARS THAT SHE WAS STARING BLANKLY AT NOTHING BUT THIN AIR ...



... WHEN SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, ON THAT PRECISE SPOT, HE APPEARED!



MEN MATERIALIZING OUT OF THIN AIR IS BEYOND BELIEF, SO MISS SMITHERS TIREDLY REMOVED HER GLASSES, AND...

HAVE TO GET THESE CHECKED! I MUST NEED NEW ONES, OR ELSE I'D NEVER HAVE THOUGHT I SAW THAT JUST THEN!

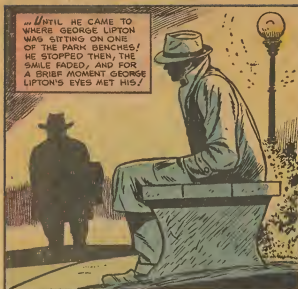


HE KEPT SMILING INOFFENSIVELY AS HE SHOULDERS HIS WAY UP THE AISLE! AND THE CHANCES ARE THAT THE CONDUCTOR, HARRY MILLER, WOULD NEVER HAVE REMEMBERED HIM IF NOT FOR ...

LET ME HELP YOU GET THAT UP ON THE LUGGAGE RACK, SIR!







UNTIL HE CAME TO WHERE GEORGE LIPTON WAS SITTING ON ONE OF THE PARK BENCHES! HE STOPPED THEN, THE SMILE FADED, AND FOR A BRIEF MOMENT GEORGE LIPTON'S EYES MET HIS!



BUT THEN GEORGE LIPTON GLANCED AWAY, AND RETURNED TO THE GRIEVANCE GNAWING INSIDE OF HIM!

I'VE WORKED MY FINGERS TO THE BONE FOR THAT SKINFUNT BOSS OF MINE!

AND WHAT DO I HAVE TO SHOW FOR IT?

NOTHING!

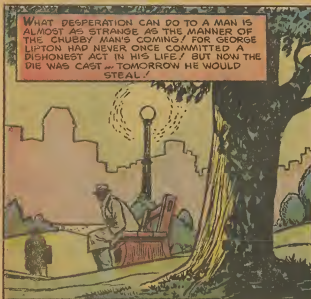


WHAT DOES HE SAY WHEN I ASK HIM FOR AN ADVANCE IN SALARY SO I CAN SEND MY SICK WIFE TO THE COUNTRY?

NOTHING DOING... THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS!



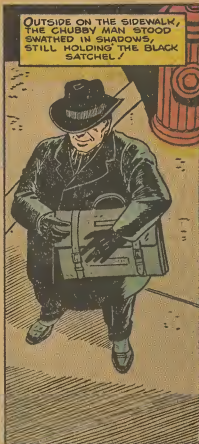
HE'LL BE WISHING TOMORROW THAT HE NEVER TURNED ME DOWN! BECAUSE I'M GETTING IN TO WORK AN HOUR EARLY TOMORROW... AND I'M GOING TO CLEAN OUT THE SAFE!



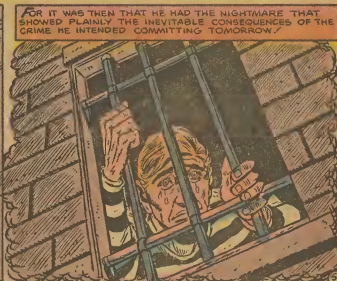
WHAT DESPERATION CAN DO TO A MAN IS ALMOST AS STRANGE AS THE MANNER OF THE CHUBBY MAN'S COMING! FOR GEORGE LIPTON HAD NEVER ONCE COMMITTED A DISHONEST ACT IN HIS LIFE! BUT NOW THE DIE WAS CAST! TOMORROW HE WOULD STEAL!

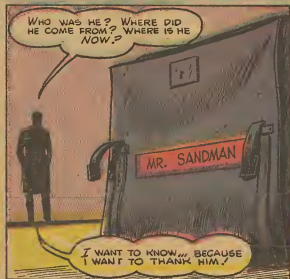
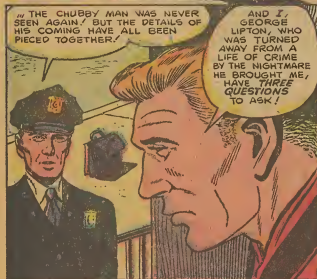
RISING FROM THE BENCH, HE WALKED HOME, PURPOSELY FORCING HIS MIND TO A BLANK, REFUSING TO CONSIDER THE INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCES OF TOMORROW'S ACT! AND AS HE WALKED, THE CHUBBY MAN FOLLOWED, STILL CARRYING THE BLACK SATCHEL!



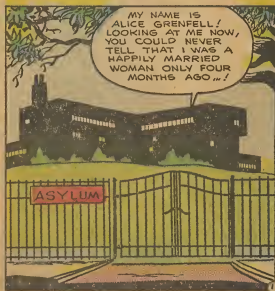
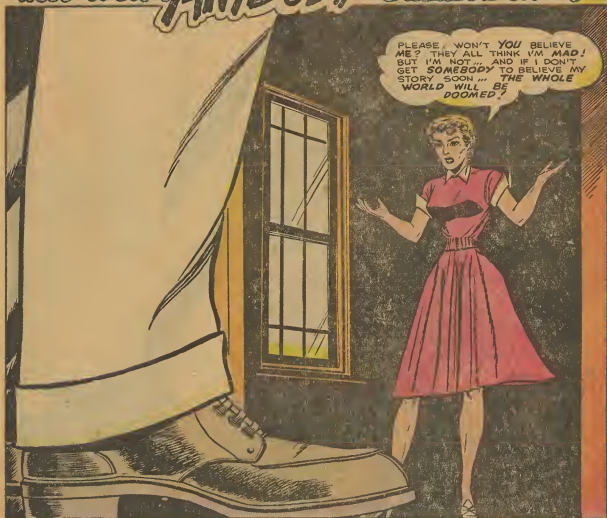


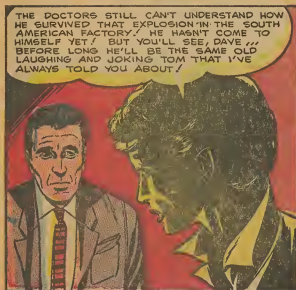
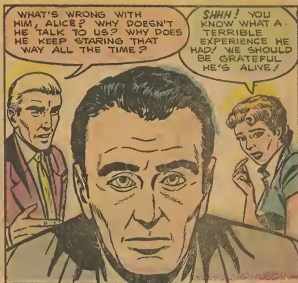




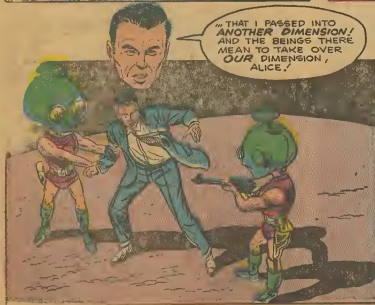
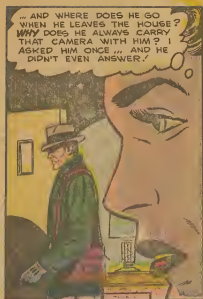


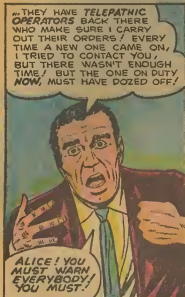
# WHY WON'T ANYBODY BELIEVE ME?

















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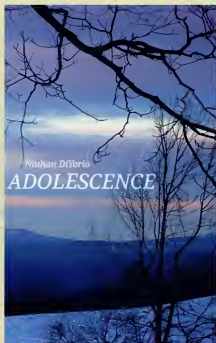
Nathan DiYorio - Compilation Editor

Steve Ditko - Pencils & Inks (Do You Believe in Nightmares #1 Cover, "Nightmare", "The Somnambulist", "The Strange Silence", "You Can Make Me Fly", "The Man Who Crashed into Another Era!")

Joe Gill - Scripts ("Nightmare", "The Somnambulist", "You Can Make Me Fly", "The Man Who Crashed into Another Era!", "I Am Being Followed")

Jon D'Agostino - Letters ("The Somnambulist", "The Man Who Crashed into Another Era!")

Dick Ayers - Pencils, Inks, and Letters ("I Am Being Followed", Do You Believe in Nightmares #2 Cover, "The Night I Ran for My Life", "A Fabulous Firm!", "Conscience", "Mission on the Hill", "You Are Not Alone", "I Have 3 Questions", "Why Won't Anybody Believe Me?")



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## CANTEEN KATE

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